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1905

Secret Haunt
of the
Exile

BY "ARKANSAS BUCK"



Class PS 3503

Book . 21654

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"ARKANSAS BUCK"

SECRET HAUNT OF THE EXILE

and

OTHER POEMS.

Author of Illinois Flora, Blind Minister,

Medical Jurisprudence, How to Read

Character, Manual of Mensura-

tion, Ruf and the Professor,

Short Stories, Etc., Etc.

by

“ARKANSAS BUCK.”

Thomas A. Buxton



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1905

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T. C. BUXTON.

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D. H. upland 18.30

To Miss Enola Keisling and Fred C. Keisling.

In remembrance for their assistance
and friendship they have so
untiringly given to me.

As dedicated to them.

PREFACE.

How sad a sight it is to see
A spotless soul in mortal clay,
Uplifting self beyond the shoal
When such pure soul is vigilant ;
Not in the ripple or the rill,
Flows deepest water wildly on ;
Not in the loudest crash or roar,
Is found life's sacred, solemn hour,
Though in the stillness that's unbroken,
We open the door to thoughts remote
And in a quiet still reflection,
We ascend to realms more sublime.
When man can read the thoughts of man,
In life more heroes will we see.
Those we think in highest splendor,

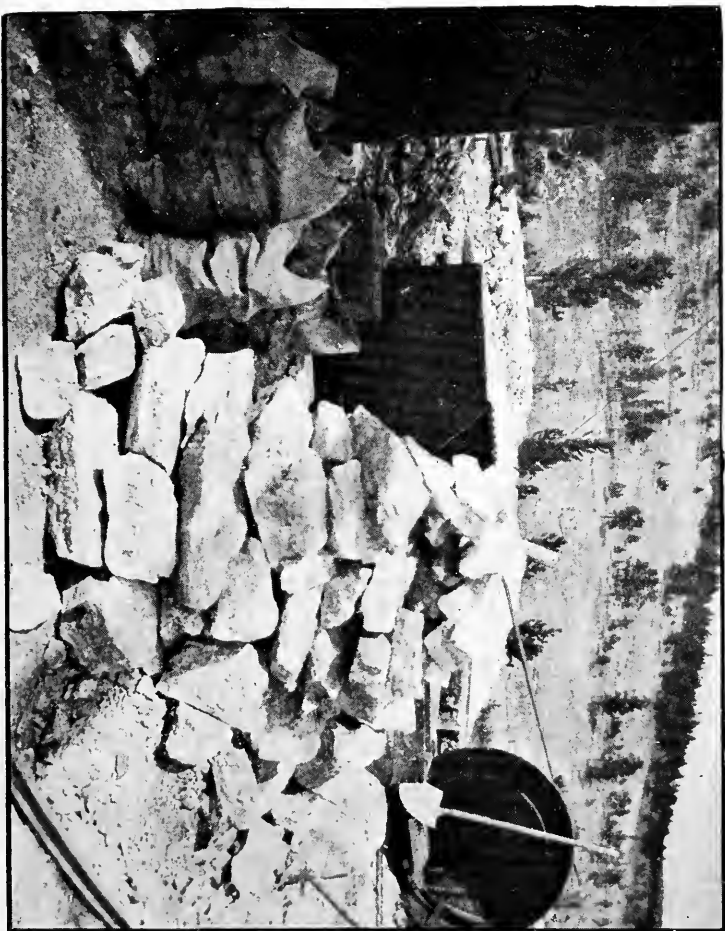
Could they, the lower bases be?
Heroes are but man's invention,
That lives awhile in bright display ;
Thus while time doth seem to mock us,
Erstwhile life's sun is shining bright,
We know not the cares about us.
Beyond the veil of future darkness,
We're defeated but not conquered ;
Man was born to meet life's struggles ;
A noble life shall not perish
Pass they onward to a brighter clime,
To a haven worthy of our part,
There we'll rest, in balmy breezes
Free from storms and human strife.



INTRODUCTORY.

Poetry is the graphic picture of the soul of man—Arkansas Buck.

THE SECRET HAUNT OF THE EXILE





THE SECRET HAUNT OF THE EXILE

The orb of day was sinking low,
The barren trees scant shadows throw,
O'er landscape, all white with snow,
The air was sharp and crisp and cold,
The sheep were sheltered from the storm,
Secure and warm within the fold.
Now as it later grew, the moon
Rose bright o'er mountain top and glen,
Its ghastly lights shone through the trees;
To peer into my hiding place.
Ah! you searcher of the truth, I fear
I'm not impregnable here.
In this my secret hiding place
Where no man has ever shown his face,

Aha! your ghastly silvery rays,
Shall disappear at break of day ;
No longer will you search for vice,
O, why thus tantalize me here ?
I beg, I pray you disappear !
Take your weird shadows from my brow,
Let me once more renew my vow.
The moon went down the oak trees groaned,
And creaked and sighed and sobbed and moaned ;
On that drear night no mortal knew,
The moon and I held interview.
Alone in reverie at last,
The night grew dark, foreboding ill :
Fantastic phantoms of the past,
The bitter past, they haunt me still.
On came the memories of the past,
Forced back upon me thick and fast ;
I writhed, I wrung my hands in grief,
But nothing came to my relief.

The morning dawned and I recalled
The horrors of the fearful night—
Then hark ! a voice with sigh and moan
“You are not in this haunt alone.”
I laughed to hear my voice resound,
Across the place so desolate—
I turned and saw a deadly stare,
A stare from yon crouching thing.
What news, tell me what news bringest thou,
Speak now thou harbinger of ill,
I fear you not if man or fiend.
You demon image prophesy,
Or I will crush you in this lair,
Stare not but tell how long you’ve been
With me in this my rendivous.
Dost know that you are in my den,
Where secrets safe are kept from men?
Take that mask from off your face
You member of despised race,

That searches for me to disgrace.
So now a prisoner shall you be
And never never more shall you see
Your native state of Tennessee
Until you promise faithfully,
By solemn oath and sacred vow,
You'll say when asked along the way
We never met you know me not
That in my secret place, I'm safe
From searchers (who would seal my fate).
Speak now, speak now will thou not vow,
Wilt thou not take a solemn oath ?
Shall we both live here isolate ?
Do you not love sweet liberty ?
Will you not say, I knew him not
And him I never met ?

PART II.

The sun sank low behind the hills,
No sound was heard save the katy's trills,

Their merry songs which held me fast,
To recollections of the past.
The ghostly spectre disappeared,
I stood reflecting o'er my deeds.
O God I will renew my vow.
And as the hours dragged slowly by,
I delved in secrets of the past.
The hooting owl chilled me with fear,
Lest he with sage like wisdom, might
Chance to betray my whereabouts.
As on my bed of leaves I lay,
A chill of horror froze my veins—
There by my side with slimy length
I saw a deadly poison snake,
No time had I to meditate—
Can this be Satan or a snake?
But to my fevered frenzied brain
The thoughts of "Sinless Eden Came."
Quickly I sprang up from my bed—

Quickly I raised my foot and said—
“Man’s heel shall crush the Serpent’s head.”
But ah! Again I met that stare
That witching figure over there,
Has sent this serpent’s eyes to glare,
To see if I fear man or fiend.
The reptile’s head I trampled down,
Into the dry and hardened ground,
And now you being truculent,
From this haunt of mine or thine.
You have said that I have fled
From my pursuers and the dead.
Where shall I go, can I devise,
To flee away in some disguise ;
I’ll leave this demon here behind,
Which those who search for me will find.
But deep in heart I quail, I fear,
This demon soon will reappear,
And bear me back to pall and bier,

I see the flames high o'er my grave
Like ocean billows surge and wave,
Will I when I am lying there,
Meet currish, hellish, demon's Stare?
I crept away without a sound
Of rustling leaf or breaking twig,
The owl drolled out his mounful song,
And weird notes of the whip-poor-will
Resound from distant craggy hill.
I paused when at the river's brink,
To muse awhile, reflect and think,
And ask myself, is this the time
For me to end this life of mine?
I watched the tiny minnows play,
And now and then a monstrous fish,
Would flounce into the air and show
Through spray his gleaming silvery sides,
Then drop again into the stream.
But suddenly there came the thought

Of where I stood and what I was
For just across the limped stream,
I saw the place I met my foe.
Sadly I turned and took my way
Into a thicket for another day.
And here and there and everywhere
I met that awful dreadful stare ;
I closed my eyes and found relief
From restless care and daily grief,
A dream and vision came to me
To soothe my soul's deep misery.

PART III.—THE DREAM.

The days of toil were o'er and I
Sat musing in a passive way.
O'er gleanings of my boyhood days ;
I see them now, the lapse of years
Seem scarcely but a few short days ;
There lingers still a loveliness,

That drinks a fragrance as of youth.
Amid the busy scenes of earth
I often pause in sober thought,
To ponder and reflect o'er life;
The beating of my heart grows wild,
What does this mean, why should it come?
Ah, here she is as comes to me
Her sky blue eyes inspire my soul
And turn me back to days of youth
When life was full of joy and mirth.
Those soulful eyes they ne'er can fade,
They like a beacon light my way ;
They shine far brighter than the stars,
And beckon me to reach the goal.
The year speed on, I see her now,
So beautiful, so full of grace ;
An added luster fills her eyes,
And golden curls crown her fair face ;
Her winsome ways inspired my soul,

When life was young and full of hope,
But memory now alone remains
She slumbers in a dreamless sleep.
Again to me her face appears
The self same smile of long ago.
How strange it seems, can it be true?
I see the dear old home once more,
Where as a youth I wandered o'er
The hills and by the sparkling stream ;
Dreaming of manhood yet unknown,
Building bright castle in the air,
Thinking but little of it then.
The years increasing, onward roll,
I sigh to contrast, then and now,
How pleasant were the days of youth,
Their joys I can recall and with
Them comes a happy dream of love,
Then blighted were my fondest hopes
And scattered to the wind and I

Was thrown onto the bitter world.
Again I see those love lit eyes,
That longing, lingering look she gave,
Which pierced my conscience to its depths.
Her soft hand trembled on my brow,
Her heart throbbed wildly with my own ;
I felt the pressure of a kiss
Upon my lips and she was gone ;
Can I forget that awful day
That stole my peace and liberty !

I still can hear her parting words
And see her charming face, which shines,
From out the dim and misty past,
What form is this that follows me,
And seems to guide my destiny ?
'Tis Rosaline, my loved and lost,
Who guides my ever wayward steps.
It seems as though but yesterday,
She whispered "Flee my lover flee,"

And she is ever true to me ;
Come nearer still my welcome guest.

My vision vanished, I awoke ;
'Twas twilight and the air was chill,
And as the night with silent hand
Drew her dark curtain o'er the land ;
I saw the flowers low at my feet
And said O, emblem of the truth,
You tell me that I have a soul
That will be lost eternally.
You tell me too that from afar
A voice ascends in prayer for me ;
Yes it is she, still good and true,
Who comes to help me on my way.

The cares and trials of life may come
Like floods, but still my heart is strong ;
Her gentle touch is on my brow ;
Again my soul new courage takes,

The day will calm, a gentle breeze
Will rise and soothe my aching head.
And now ye Gods of fate arise,
And lend my cloud a golden hue ;
The sunshine of my life is past,
Has drifted to a sunnier clime.

PART IV.

The sun rose high in skies of blue,
No clouds to mar its perfect hue,
Or veil the splendor of the day ;
The Oriole for gladness sung,
A love song to his mate, who swung
Below him in his cradle nest.
A robin hopped about my feet,
In search of insects for to treat
His young tucked in a hiding place.

A lonely Crow sat silently
And pondered mischief yet to be.

In yonder tree with eyes closed fast,
An owl dreams of his night's repast,
But see upon that barren height,
That emblem of proud liberty,
With antlers high and nostrils wide,
He climbs to some more distant place ;
What caused him thus to flee away ?
How gracefully he scales the mountain heights,
And leaps the stream and turns to view,
With pride his picturesque domain.

An Eagle high above him soars
An emblem of our freedom, too ;
Ah ! No ! Not ours but their's for
I'm alienated from all men.
But yet in that phantasmal dream,
The eyes of Orcus glare and gleam.
Ah ! yes he knows that I am here,
But I forbade him to come near.
He dares to haunt me never more.





IN SEARCH OF THE EXILE

The startled stag flees on in fear,
Methinks there must be danger near.



WHERE CAN I REST.

Where can I rest the sun is down,
Stars appearing one by one,
To brighten heaven's precious crown,
And now another day is done.

Where can I rest, the forest trees,
Have thrown their leaves into the air,
And they have fallen to the earth,
Just like a worn out mantle there.

Where can I rest all day I've trod
Beneath the sun's December showers,
And now the last faint rays are gone
To brighten up another's bowers.

Where can I rest my weary feet?
Have walked o'er many weary miles.
Oh, that I may retrace my steps,
To the homeland, when morning smiles.

Where can I find my youthful joy,
A mother's tender love and care,
The joy I lost when first I roamed,
O could I find it garnered there?

Where can I rest in desert waste?
I whiled away the shining hours,
Destroyed by blissful paradise,
And squandered nature's gifted dowers.

Where can I find the melody,
Of sister's voice I've mourned so long?
That mingles now in heaven's choir,
In some sweet reverential song.

Where can I rest my broken heart?
The heart that sabre oft has bled.
Long have I borne that painful blade,
O must I bear it till I'm dead?

Where can I rest my weary soul ?
The flowers fade and pass away,
But only sleep through wintry hours,
To wake again in early May !

Where can I rest and let my life
Glide safely past this vale of tears
Into a new and grander clime,
And grow the happier with the years ?

Where can I leave this robe of clay,
And live in peace from day to day,
Then will I wander far away
And sing God's praise eternally ?

When can I rest and glorify
Creator of the earth and sky ;
All evil then I could defy
And dwell with Angels upon high ?

AT MOTHER'S GRAVE

Her life on earth long since has passed
And mouldering now her body lies
Beneath the clay, decay's begun,
The last but ever irksome task
Of "dust thou art to dust return,"
She always walked in peace with God,
And dauntless as the saints of old ;
Ah ! cruel grave thou dost withhold
My precious mother's face from me.

For cold and still they placed her here,
To gently rest within thine arms ;
And though the winds blow wild and high,
And through the tree tops moan and sigh,
In placed calm repose she sleeps.

She lived in hope, in peace she died ;
Though often met by temptation's tide,
Along the narrow path she trod,
Completing all her vows with God.
In early life she sowed some seed
Of noble thoughts and kindly deeds,
But ere the harvest time had come,
The father called, "My child come home."
So trustingly she followed Him,
Without a murmur or complaint ;
Though in the bloom of womanhood,
She was submissive to His will.
While Death so slowly did his work,
Bestilling her's the purest heart.
As whiter grew her pale sweet face,
The closer then her soul's pure grace,
Clung to her Maker and her God.
And now her heart beats faint and low,
To dear ones standing by her side.

Then with a mother's tender love,
She prays that God will safely guide
And shield from harm, her infant son ;
And as the father held the child
Beside his dying mother's bed,
They christened him their favorite name,
And then the mother fell asleep,
Asleep on earth to wake in heaven.

IN THE HANDS OF FATE

It was a cold December's night,
The snow flakes falling fast
An old man sat by his fireside
Reflecting o'er the past.

The number of the milestones passed
Was equal to three scores,
And like a romance was his life
Like one ne'er read before.

Unsympathetic seemed the world,
To him so gray and old ;
And many volumes it would fill,
If half his life was told.

He sat, he mused, he heeded not,
The winds so wild and high ;
Sunshine and shadow blend in thought,
With now and then a sigh.

And as the fire-lights brighter grew
His spirits seemed to rise,
When thoughts of home and mother came,
Tears dimmed his aged eyes.

Then he recalls when but a child
Way back in forty-three,
The lessons that were taught him, at
His gentle mother's knee.

Then when a little older grown,
Care free his way he took
To roam about the pleasant fields,
Or wander by the brook.

A handsome youth still in his 'teens,
Endowed with brilliant mind

All in the bloom and pride of life
With vigor well defined.

The old man's face grew pale as thought,
Portrayed the scene so clear
'Twas at a country ball he met
The one to him most dear.

She was the pride of his whole life
The hope of all to him,
The choicest fairest of them all ;
And now the fire burns dim.

Her checks were as the primrose fair
That blooms in early May,
Her form was graceful and her breath
Was sweet as new mown hay.

Her hair was sunbeams made in curls,
Here eyes were heaven's blue ;
And all who gazed into their depths
Saw naught but what was true.

A little diffident and shy
Among those assembled there,
But much beloved because she was
Wise, beautiful and fair,
The clock struck eight, the dance began
And at the first command
She took the place beside the man,
Who promised her his hand.
Queen of the ball and of his heart
With dainty tripping feet,
She glides among the dancers there,
To music low and sweet.
And no one dreamed of danger near,
When that first dance was done
None knew an enemy was there,
Astonished were each one.
He called her from among the crowd
And asked her to take a walk.

“My company is engaged, said she,
“To my sister you’ll have to talk.”

“But you must go with me,” said he,
“At once my pretty dove,”
As on her lips he pressed a kiss,
“O, come with me my love.”

“No ! No !” said she, “I will not go ;
To another I am betrothed.”

“Come, come,” said he, “That may be so,
But with me you’ll have to go.”

He roughly pushed her through the door
And out into the night,
And to our hero in his prime
Was lost his promised wife.

She screamed for help for well she knew
Her lover in the crowd,
Would hear and come to her relief
And rescue her from harm.

Then suddenly a shot rang out
Which pierced the villain's heart ;
Although James Coply took his aim
At random in the dark.

Then to the trial people came
To witness far and near,
Who falsely swore 'twas his intent
To kill maliciously.

And that brave boy who fired the shot,
To save his promised wife,
Was in the springtime of his years
To prison sent for life.

And when she came to say farewell
To the girl he had saved ;
From its fair throne her reason fell,
A maniac she raved.

With care worn brow our hero stood,
To wait the coming train,

Which would bear him from home and friends
To wear the convict's chains.

Sadly he thought of his dear home,
Which he so soon must leave,
And loving parents most of all
At home alone to grieve.

The train rolled on, at last it reached
His destination drear.
He bade farwell to liberty
And all that he held dear.

Full twenty years have passed since then,
The prisoner's hair is gray ;
Both pain and toil have left their trace
On him from day to day.

One day as Governor Tanner sat
In his official chair
A note was handed him which told
Of a poor convict's care.

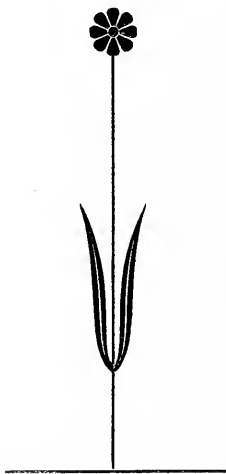
He broke the seal and read aloud,
 “ 'Tis mine the convict's doom,
Must I now wear a convict's shroud.
 Is mine the convict's tomb ?”

Unsteady was the governor's hand ;
 The letter touched his heart,
And in a clear firm voice he said:
 “ He shall this day depart.”

A pardon then he quickly signed
 And sent it on its way,
“ This must not be one moment kept ;
 Make haste without delay.”

And now the old man sits tonight
 Reflecting o'er the past.
Gone are those awful days of strife.
 His thoughts are backward cast.

Sweet liberty is his and near
Him sits his happy wife,
And happily they ponder o'er
The night he saved her life.



DEAD

Dead, no more his face I see,
No more his gentle voice I hear ;
Ah ! how clearly I recall
In those balmy days serene,
When you were Lord of all
And by your side your queen.

Dead, what does this mean ?
I cannot comprehend it all,
That such a spectre grim unseen
Upon your form would fall
And bear you back to earth ;
Death's cold and clammy grasp
Has robbed a saintly home, alas.

Of joy and tranquil bliss,
A home so truly blessed with two
Bright little ones and they are left
With their life battle to be won,
Just as the struggle is begun.
O ! death thou didst a mighty crime
To take him on ere half his time
On earth was duly spent.

Oh ! death have you no sympathy or fear,
Can you not save a single tear ?
Do you not know your cruel hand
Has stolen one from out the band
And broken is the happy home ?
The widowed mother now alone
Must journey and protect her own.
She treads along her pathway dim,
So silently in search of him,
But only in her vanished dreams
Can she behold his face serene.

LOVE

It is divine, love is so pure ;
A sacred flame or heaven's cure,
That makes our earthly home, a small
Reflective mirror of it all ;
Of all, the boundless all—of love
That makes up heav'n.

O, God who knows but they who've tried,
Through some mishap to cast aside,
The yearning of a hopeless love.
Who knows but they the reckless shove
And thrust them o'er the thorny way,
Ere they find death.

Could I go to some silent stream,
To leave the earth, to only dream
And list to its quiet whispering,
Sooth my spirits by its rippling ;
On its water dance the shadows,
Weird and alone.

Those phantom figures they are dead,
Yet each will throw its darkened head
Across the current's living flow,
And as the darkened shadows throw
A mantle—O sadness—O life,
Intangible.

PRIDE WILL FALL.

A lily grew beside the stream,
 Within that lily dew drops came
And on its style they quickly gleamed,
 “ I’ll have my rights, I will proclaim !”

Its snowy cup was still upturned,
 Toward the heaven and the stars ;
Each gladly sparkled in its turn,
 “ I am the brightest of the stars.”

Each said to each, in haughty pride,
 “ See how my diamonds colors shine.”
The fragrant lily then replied :
 “ ’Tis I that cause you thus to shine ?”

The sun arose in early morn
And with a searching, glancing gleam,
Said to the dew drop, "thou be gone,"
And left the lily by the stream,

The moral is that pride will fall
When 'tis not borne by virtue's rod ;
Its splendors few or none at all,
'Tis shunned alike by man and God.



SOMETHING TO BE.

I appeal to you ye moaning,
Crashing, dashing, wandering winds,
What in your wildness do you send,
Out in that empty voice of thine
That makes me shudder and repine,
And know that in this life of mine
That there is something yet to be ;
Something I feel, but cannot see.

What ! in that silent hollow tone,
You are whispering home sweet home,
Arousing within my bosom
A restless, ceaseless care to roam ;
And still from out your dismal death,
A sadness comes whispering, Time, Time ;

Where is thy source or hidden springs
That calls forth bitter, bitter things
That which may cause the tear dimmed sky,
Become so dark and then to sigh,
For something, something yet to be,
Something I feel, but cannot see.

The forests creak and sigh and groan,
The dying leaves are wildly tossed,
And even they can find no rest
On mother Earth's kind ample breast.
Hither, thither, yonder, there,
Like surging sorrows, passing joys,
Like falling leaf no rest can find,
Pleasure and sadness vex the mind ;
Eternity and time strive to replace
With hopes of rest, the heart that aches ;
Why murmur, weep and sadly sigh ?
Why drink life's bitter dregs and die ?

Then dream of every silent test
To shorten time within my breast ;
Something I feel, but cannot see,
Something, yes something yet to be.

QUEEN OF NIGHT

(*"I love this as it were my own, part of it is mine."*
—*Critic.*)

In yonder sky so deep and blue,
The queen of night sails proudly on,
Reflecting from her lofty height
The sunshine of a day that's gone.
O lovely queen could you but know
The measure of your force,
Upon our broad terrestrial sphere.

Would you not tremble in your course?
And would you dare alone to plough
The dark, dense clouds and would you glide
O'er mountain tops with naught of fear?

Without your presence, pale sweet orb.
Our oceans would be void of tide,
The night so dark and drear.

O gentle moon, O pale sweet moon
I love to watch your flight
From early eve 'till morning dawn
Thou patient satellite.
Although the ills that vex humanity
Disturb thee not, the great Divinity
That guides our course—guides thine.

ALL MUST DIE

Sad day, the storm clouds's dusky folds,
The morning veil of earth and sky
O'er hangs us day and night.

The earth has shed its many tears,
While time doth fly
For all must die.

Tube rose your perfumed breath,
Doth bring me ecstasy—
Thy roots are in the grave,
The choicest fragrance ever still,
Points unto death,
Thou too must die.

Sweet spring that brings us flowers
And fragrant roses in the bowers,
Yet swiftly flies the fleeting hours,
Your verdure shows that you must go,
 You and death did vie,
 And thou wilt die.

O lark, whose voice so oft I hear
In song so pleasing to my ear,
So full of cheer you meet the morning glow*
The first to greet its radiant beams.
 In tree tops high,
 You sing, then die.

WILL NOT DIE

Ah sweet and virtuous soul,
You, and you alone can live
Tho' springs may go, flowers pass away
The whole world in glory lie,

With death they vied
You will not die.

*“As changed by critic.”



FLOWERLETS

Here are tiny flowerlets,
Silently they grow,
'Tis the gentle sunshine
Brings them forth I know.

Blooming little flowerlets,
Blue and white and red.
On every hill and valley
They are thickly spread.

God made the little flowerlets,
He loves, he keeps them too.
He sends the rain and sunshine
And sparkling drops of dew.

So the God our Father
Sends his tenderest love
To His loved children,
A message from above.



SUPPOSING

("I find no fault in this man."—Critic.)

O rarest blossom, kindest friend
Your serene nature always blends
With God Himself, and you intend
A life of usefulness to spend.
Many blessings now I see,
In heaven laid up in store for thee,
When you pass to eternity.

Supposing now from woman kind,
I choose you for my friend
And make my life and mind
With all your life to blend.
Ah ! know not this alone

Your every grief, your care,
All these to be our own.

In you my hopes of fame,
Of each I will confide,
You know my every aim,
My ambition's wide ;
It is the truth, I love
To leave you secure
And firm, as hopes above.
Love is so kind, so pure.

Our friendship's lovely ties,
Our peace is now beyond ;
In life's path a duty lies,
A goal yet to be won.
I hope from year to year
To live another way,
Though time brings grief and tears
To me but one more day.

To you my only charm,
With you I am at rest.
Within my restless arms
I'd like to you confess
My heart, tho' pained with love,
I'd near be false or cold ;
My life you've yet to prove,
My heart to yet unfold.

Though I am still bereft,
Dear one are you forlorn ;
Must I, while now I'm left
On earth continually mourn,
Shall I withdraw from woman kind
In such forsaken state,
And thus to strive no more to find
A true and loving mate.

In melancholic gloom
I'll follow out my way,

Tho' pining o'er my wretched doom,
I'll live from day to day.

I say, a woman shall not prove
Me false—right well I know
My soul, so full of faith and love,
Can dwell with me below.

Tho' I am doomed alone to be,
Unloved, unseen on earth,
I have some friends, they are to me
A gem of costly worth ;
Altho' they know I'll not despair,
We look to Him on high,
Enthroned, enobled there
My friends are always nigh.

ONWARD

Onward where no night is coming ;
 Onward through the fleeing hours ;
Onward, now the dew is sparkling,
 On the lilies fragrant flowers.

Onward, and the day grows brighter,
 At the rising of the sun.

Onward, now the day is brightening,
 Brighter now than e'er before;

Onward, now as time is flying.

 To a place that's more sublime.

Onward yonder sky is brightening
 In the land of summer climes.

ROSALINE

Come walk with me my sweet heart, dear,
The oriole is loudly singing ;
The sky is now so bright and clear
The woodlands too are ringing,
And everything is bright and clear,
As bleak old winter's passed away.

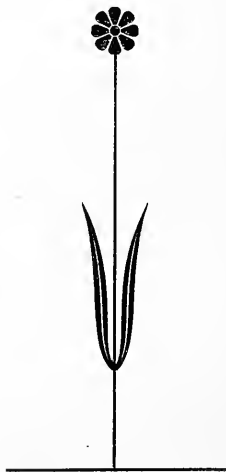
Don your bonnet, twine it round
We will decorate with roses,
We can pluck from shaded grounds
Spring beauties for your posies.
Why sure enough, you'd look like one
That had descended from the sun.

All day we will watch them springing,
Snow drops white, crowfoot yellow,
The dog-toothed violets blooming,
Sweet crocus, the pretty fellow
In early morning forth it came
To do full honor to its name.

The lark is also proudly singing ;
He knows sweet vernal's here again
Beyond the copse crowned hill is ringing
The wren and red bird's mellow strain ;
The plowman, too, is full of mirth
While turning o'er the mellow earth.

Here are birds not three weeks old
Nestling close to one another ;
The father bird, whose not so bold,
Has left them with their mother,
Though he will watch and always warn
Of approaching danger, and of harm,

Then come with me my sweetheart dear,
The woodlands still are ringing ;
The day is warm, the sky is clear
All earth to life is springing.
Discard all work and care today,
Old winter now has passed away.



DEAD AND FORGOTTEN

Fairest hopes, of the by gone Spring time,
Have been slain by Autumnal wrath,
And alone in the silent tomb they sleep.
In the cold silent tomb of the past.

Still the bright signet star of the future,
Gleams afar o'er the "Dead and Forgotten."

O, the hot burning rays of Summer,
And the cool shaded memories past,
Come to me with a saddened sweetness.
They have gone, they have left me for aye.

Cruel time dealt with them as with others,
And they lie with the "Dead and Forgotten."

Let the things that are past go ever,
But their memory lingers still.
Let us hope that our lives may be useful
And a blessing to all that we may.

When we fall with the leaves of Autumn,
Though Dead, let us pray not Forgotten.

BLIND MAN'S LAMENT

("This is a very touching poem.")—Critic.

All ye whose eyes are open
To the gifted lights of day,
Think how the darkness is falling
Across the blind man's way.
Then let compassion's finger touch
Your hearts pathetic string,
That hope may o'er his darkened life,
Cast her protecting wing.

The blind man lives a blighted life ;
His path is fringed with woe,
The trials and troubles which they meet,
None but the sightless know ;

Then do let mercies gentle voice,
Soft o'er your senses steal ;
Kindly listen with sympathy
To this my last appeal.

My fate is hard I cannot work
As in the days gone by,
Although I must myself support
And daily wants supply,
God only knows I would not shirk
Nor hardships would I mind,
Alas ! Alas ! Hopes star has sunk,
For I am blind, am blind.

As one by one, the twinkling stars,
Forth from their chambers peep,
And glitter o'er the rolling waves,
As over oceans sweep
Their many glittering beauties rare
Are not for such as I ;

Dear God my heart is stung with grief,
To see thy works I sigh.

My child's sweet voice I softly hear
But cannot meet her eye,
I feel the pressure of a kiss,
Then turn away to sigh ;
Wilt thou think of this, happy one,
In "palace or in cot,"
And drop a kind and gentle thought
For my hard and wretched lot.

Then pray turn not away from this
My sorrowing appeal ;
Let the gentle voice of mercy
Soft o'er your senses steal,
This noble truth in Holy writ,
Will be your sweet reward,
That whosoever helps the poor
Is lending to the Lord.

When you have read the book of life,
This lesson bear in mind,
God will sometime restore the sight
Unto the helpless blind ;
He who has left his followers here,
To carry out his will,
Thus said unto the blind man's woes:
"I am thy God, be still."

You should remember that on earth
To count your blessings round,
For they will yield some precious fruit
In yon heavenly ground.
O then how great will be the joy,
That our God has given ;
There all the blind will see, and bless.
Your entrance into heaven.

RESCUE

Powerfully, grandly, their presence has come,
To save my frail bark from the merciless shoals.

Madly, incessantly O, winds of the night,
Ye sadly rush onward no more to return.

Sweetly, serenely when the fierce storm is o'er
I see on the strand what a wreck had I been.

Peacefully, brightly a new day has now come.
Fair hopes spring eternally once more in the dawn.

Loving, forgiving O mother's devotion,
My struggles intense thou wilt not ignore,

Patiently, sadly I complain not of cares,
You may note on my brow the traces they leave.

Smilingly, gently, the morning is dawning
After the fierce storm its passion has spent.

Feverently, fondly, the same as of old,
Love comes to cherish and gladden and bless.

Carressingly, calmly, as the tide to the sea,
There glides in my musings fond memories of thee,



HOPELESS

There's never a light, there's never a light ;
 There is never a light for me ;
Though the morning may wake help not a few
 With orbit of blue perfect hue ;
 There is never a light for me.

There's never a joy, there's never a joy,
 There is never a joy for me ;
Flowers may come, flowers may bloom,
 They may ripen and grow again.
 There is never a flower for me.

There's never a tear, there's never a tear ;
 There is never a tear for me ;

No sympathizing hand of mother fair,
To help me my burdens to bear.
There is no sympathy for me.

There's never a love, there's never a love,
There is never a love for me ;
I will share my wealth, I will freely give
Myself and life, with one to live
There is never a love for me.

There's always unrest, there's always unrest.
There is always unrest for me ;
Though I may hide it in the silent night
I dream of rest 'till morning light,
There is always unrest for me.

There's never a home, there's never a home.
There is never a home for me ;

In Heaven on high 'mong the holy hills
I've no home, 'less the father wills
There is never a home for me.

*Poetically this is very good * * * it
will lend variety to your book.—E. L. K.*



REVENGE

An action true to human life
 Would be revenge,
Though scorning oft an injury,
 It's still revenge,
Forgive without a strife still lurks,
 There in revenge;
But he that overcomes an enemy
 Be still revenge.

The Indian blood so I am told
 Is all revenge ;
And while the white man's blood is cold
 It's still revenge.
To Indian red and Saxon white,
 It's sweet revenge.

To win and overthrow the head
 Would be revenge ;
But if a worthy foe we find
 Ah ! then revenge.
And force to yield the nobly done,
 Where is revenge ?

When the brother's of the baser kind
 Beware revenge ;
If we are forced to yield though nobly,
 Quench thou revenge ;
But if of lower kind they be,
 Bitter revenge.

Why sure there is no honor won
 In base revenge ;
If worthily you are out done,
 Can you revenge ?
Does it depart, no deep in heart
 Dormant revenge.

All then this germinal spot

For dire revenge,

If nurtured still it is a sin

This same revenge.

Kept and cultered deep therein

That he revenge.

Can your friend if angry grown

Control revenge.

Though conquered now his wrathful ire

Is but revenge ;

Could a life that's full of truth

Harbor revenge.

A true and trusting gentle friend

Contain revenge ?

The young in age, the older sire

Deal out revenge

If they've cultered the little germ

That germ revenge.

OBLIVION

Within thy silent, calm embrace
I seek to lay the Present with its tears,
There all the charms of earth would fade
To nothingness, and rest would reign supreme
Though while I there is perfect peace repose,
I would remember Thee, fair fragrant Rose.
And long to drift adown life's rippling stream,
With thoughts and musings evermore serene;
O Morphius, thy tender touch upon my eye-
 lids spread,
Let me dream on forever of the Dead.

TIME

Swiftly the time is passing by,
It comes and goes too soon 'tis past,
And like the birds that pierce the clouds
That scud the sky, that dims the day ;
And as a leaflet in a gale,
Or as the ship, far out at sea,
It speeds away, away so fast.

KINDNESS

A little act of kindness wrought,
To help a friend that's tempest tossed ;
A noble sentiment, a thought,
The worthy actions that we seek
With loving words, and looks and deeds.
Each willing errand that we do
To help the fallen is not lost.

IN THE DOOR OF A HOSPITAL.

I stood in the door of a hospital
While a woman lay dying, they said
Of a fever brought on by exposure,
While striving to earn her children bread.
The nurses while standing around her
Dressed in white gowns—pale faces they bore,
Each watching her changing expressions ;
A glorious countenance she bore.

I softly stepped inside the doorway
To once gaze on the pitiful scene,
While lingering, silently death's pang
Crept steadily on to its mein ;
All the doctors seemed more than anxious,

As quick, stifled and short grew her breath.
Her stolid face only but softened
At the timely appearance of death.

As grim death came silently o'er her
I thought 'tis the same to rich and poor ;
The same dreaded gloom shall enshroud us
That now is enshrouding the room,
Each must be adorned in death's raiment
Alone to sleep in the silent tomb.
An angel unfolded his mantel
Beckoning her to the far beyond.

Thus I thought as I stood and pondered
O'er this, her last and lifeless remain.
A miserable life has a woman
When not loved and supported by man.
She is only one of the thousand
That it matters not how much they try

They cannot keep themselves living
For they struggle, they suffer, they die.

She was by her work when they found her,
Sick and lonely and ready to die.
Her husband long before had left her ;
Gone to his home in heaven on high.
The three hungry children stood by her
Each imploring their God to come nigh.
Under this she grew unconscious still
She whispered "in the sweet by and by."

Christian friends where shall the body lie ?
Who will plant a flower on her grave ?
O where is the kind hearted mother
That will take the children to raise.
O God send thy guardian angel,
These three little orphans to keep,
For such death scenes as I have witnessed
Would surely cause angels to weep.



THE HOSPITAL

'TIS BEST

'Tis best to live a polished life
 To reap the golden grain,
To hold the golden thread of life
 For Christ will come again.

ANONYMOUS

How fair the world does seem to be,
Under search lights of affection.
How dismal it would be to me,
If discord should sever the spell ;
Then why call love but a folly
If you when after reflection
Declare that to you it maketh
Up, your heaven, your home or hell.

A MEDIC'S DREAM

I dreamed I loved humanity,
And gave my life to save a tear ;
Became more useful year by year,
Helped the brother who'd fallen low,
Slowly the disease came over him.
Thus I struggled with might and vim
To cause a new life once to beam
Forth from the smouldering clay,
In him renewed a hope supreme—
"This is the medic's dream."

I dreamed the people believe in right,
The doctor is the man of might ;
He heals the body—not the soul,
He opes the window of the heart,

And speaks : "Disease, thou shalt depart."
Then peers into a darkened life,
Casts out the gloom, lets in the light.
The patient mounts the sun-crowned height.
With noble thoughts, and looks and deeds,
He bids his sick the health-way speed.
They never stop and dread to climb
Health's highway—the way sublime ;
With quickened eyes that are a gleam,
"This is the medic's dream."

I dreamed our field was only earth ;
We struggle not in vain, who durst
Say freedom to all men shall be
Protected rights and liberty.
The lover of the happy home,
Who fights the battle, they alone
Are slaves and no slaves, be it known
They stoop not to penury sums,

But fighting for victory till
Victory's won o'er death and disease.
Thus we are floating down life's stream,
Becoming more and more serene—
"This is the medic's dream."

I dreamed a little cot was blest,
I brought that home both peace and rest,
And took away that dreadful cry,
"My child upon the death bed lie."
In the place of the evening hush
A bright-eyed child, a healthful blush.
The father sat among his own,
The wife and child, and they alone
To each confess their joy supreme—
"This is the medic's dream."

A PENITENT'S PRAYER

Man's time must come
When his life's work is done.

There comes a time, he must rest
In his grave, condemned or blest.

As we passed onward through this life,
We're met by tempters and by strife.

Some are always in a fret
Because they're paying Adam's debt."

But when you are on Jordan's brink,
My friend, you'll stop and think.

That Adam's interest is past due,
And the principal has fallen upon you.

Death will stare you in the face,
Reminding you of your sinful race.

Upon your knees you'll fall,
The dear Savior you're sure to call.

Come, dear Jesus, come to stay,
Blot all my sins, drive them away.

Come, O God, come and bless,
Take me and all that I possess.

Come, dear Jesus, come and heal,
Infirmities of spirit I feel.

Come, dear Jesus, come today,
Quickly drive my sins away,

Come, or I am eternally lost,
I've lived without counting the cost.

O God, take my mind,
Place it in Thy care divine.

Dear Nazarene will I be found
Wearing Satan's sinful crown?

Wilt thou free me from pain ;
Keep me from all sinful gain?

Pray take my life, preserve,
That I may Thy blessing deserve.

Oh, I pray Thee cleanse my heart,
That I may no bitterness impart.

O, my God lift me up,
That I need not drink the bitter cup.

O, my Jesus, when I die
Upon thy breast I want to lie.

When I cross death's darkest sea,
I want to eternally dwell with Thee.

NOT SLEEPING AND NOT DEAD

We are bereft of friends so dear
And our hearts now sorrow ;
We will go and who does know
But we may go to morrow.

Our suffering, though great it be,
To the faithful is the victory.
From suffering we'll be free
And dwell with God eternally.

I'm in Heaven mother, now ;
O do not think I'm dead,
I'm free from trouble now,
Your child's not sleeping and not dead.

You will see me, once again,
When we meet to part no more,
And you're free from earth's pain,
Then we'll sing for evermore.

The lights around me, mother dear,
Cause me to want you here.
Come, O come, my mother dear,
And with me my blessings share.

A hosts of angels beckon thee,
How much longer will you stay?
At the gate I'll wait for thee,
'Till the coming judgment day.

My garments—how they shine!
A golden crown is on my head.
O father I'm with one divine;
Father, dear father, I'm not dead.

While in this distant aiden,
I am a sainted maiden,
While I am with my God,
My body lies beneath the sod.

Will the time e'er come,
That you'll join me in Heaven?
Though you're gathered one by one,
I'll bless your entrance into Heaven.

Father! Mother! You need not fear,
Your oldest daughter, Nancy's here,
While we together always roam
We watch our parents' earthly home.

SOLACE

Oh ! why does our hope lie withered
When autumn comes with its frosts
In misery land or land of sorrow
Where Divinity's Law are crossed ?

Why did the love that we cherished,
Leave a yearning, broken heart,
With all its misery and sadness,
Who gave it leave to depart ?

There comes to me, while I ponder,
Is it the ghost of a sigh ?
A voice that only but whispers,
"As you live so shall you die."

Ah ! deep in my soul is chambered,
I hear the echo still plain—
A song that I use to fancy,
To me it sounds not the same.

Now, as I brood in the twilight
And know life's ebbing too soon ;
Could I, in this sadness, fancy
That light was dispelling the gloom ?

Erstwhile I wait, it is coming
Not a twilight after while,
But a changeless life forever,
A life that's ever a smile.

BIBLE

Its presence a pleasure
Its thoughts Divine,
All of its promises
I long to be mine.

When danger is near me
My heart beats wild.
This is my solace,
I am God's child.

When sickness availeth
With sorrow and woe
Its promises' loyal
'Twill always be so.

When friends have left me
And I am alone
I think of the promise,
"A heavenly home."

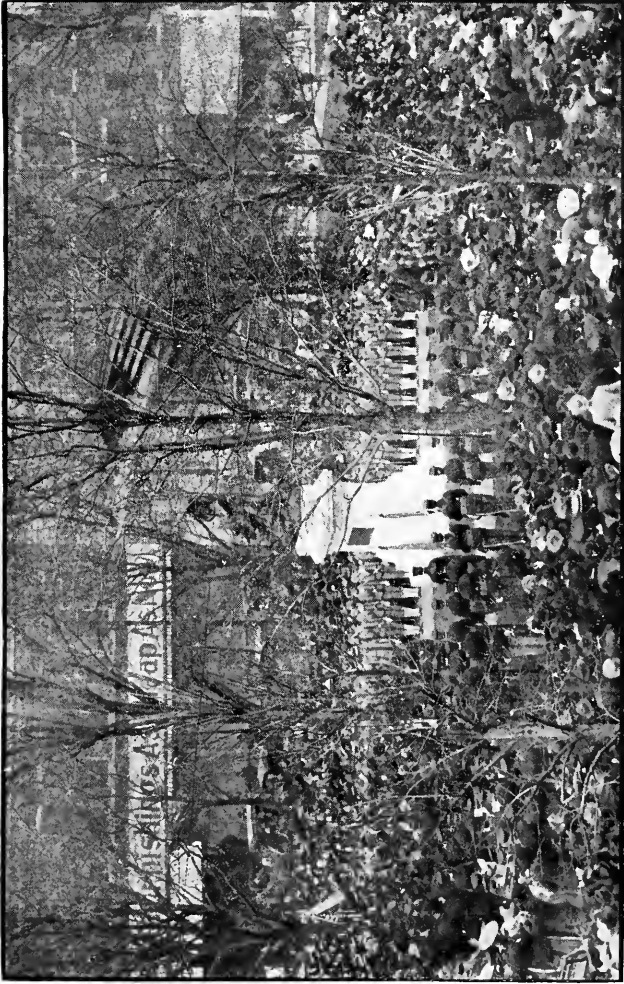
A home in heaven
I have laid up,
Where moth and rust
Doth neither corrupt.

The book, the Bible
The book Divine,
Each precious promise
I long to be mine.

The book I treasure
Right well I know
'Tis always the best
For weal or woe.

'Twill always be with me,
'Twill e'er be nigh,
'Twill guide and lead me
To my home on high.





“IS SHOWN BY THIS STATUE, HOW LONELY IT RESTS”



THE BOY IN BLUE

With pen in my hand, a short story to write,
Will tell of a soldier, that fought for the right,
There a fine prancing steed that chewed on his bit,
A young heart was yearning there's no time to waste,
The war was then waging, he was in haste ;
With an impatient jerk the bridle untied,
Was soon in his saddle and ready to ride ;
A leap and a bound away to the war,
With the spur on his heel the horse he would goad
Through the hot summer sunshine, swiftly he rode
On to the South, the scene of my story,
The boys in blue defending old glory.

At first I will tell you the story is new ;
I will also tell you the incidents true,
For like all good stories is based upon facts ;
I'll mention no dates, your memory to tax,
In the war for freedom in the Sunny South,
When the brave boys were facing the cannon's
 mouth,
The exact location, but little you care,
So the brave boys in blue were fighting down there,
A common occurrence mixed up with their youth.

'Twas fate sir, that did it, that treacherous flag,
It was shot down, torn down and put in a bag ;
Then off to a boat strong hands waiting to row,
Far up the river 'twas to be safely stowed.
Now as they promise to do somewhat better,
It's too late, it was trampled in the gutter.
We in our Union now solidly stand
United as brothers, in heart and in hand,

Contented we are and as ever anon,
Death be to the traitors that are under our sun.

If the boys in blue had lived long ago
To scout with Washington as leader, you know,
They would have been happy, alas ! my glory,
For elsewhere I would have searched for my story
Then hurrah for the boys in a land like ours,
A place where freedom will but brighten the hour.
Now on with my story, I need make my way
For sadder and paler he grew day by day,
Side by side they rode as they were brother,
Willing to die in behalf of a mother.

In him could be seen the beautiful nectar,
The power and the pride of a living Hector.
Oh the dear soldier boys, who loves them the best
Is shown by this statue, how lonely it rests :
Will you picture it now, its facing the west.
They all smiled when young and happy and gay

As the birds in the trees on a bright spring day,
And their plans perchance were the wisest on earth,
Though they found but little of laughter and mirth.

Also some gossip, for people will chatter,
As some only talk to hear themselves clatter,
About boys in the blue and boys in the gray,
But vernal was on them, 'twas sometime in May,
The sun rose that morn o'er the hills far away
On the field of battle the soldiers then lay,
On the one side the blue, the other the gray-
They fought like a demon from morning 'till night.
The dead and the dying, what pitiful sights ;
For curiosities sake some joined in the throng
To catch a few words as they hurried along.
Said one to our hero, "very romantic,

Were I in their place I would surely be frantic."
'You ought to be hung,' said a spiteful old man.

“For my part,” said another, “I think it a shame;
It’s nothing to me, I’m thankful to say,”
Replied a wise youth as he hurried away
Fully aroused by the several remarks,
They kept with the crowd for they’re fond of their
lark.

Some hurried here and there to spread the alarm
The call—“Forward march, right about face,
ground arms,”
While others were asking how long will it last.
“Attention,” the drums were beating the bugle
blasts ;
To the front was the hill, in steel armor drest,
They now met on the field their rights to contest,
From the crest of the hill the cannon fired fast,
The bravest of the boys up the hill still pressed,
But how fiercely they tried the Gray’s to beat back ;
They struggled, they fought, not bravery they
lacked ;

They strove for position, they saw at a glance
'Twould be impossible to take it by chance.

The contest still raged, and steel clashed against
steel,

At last they were beaten, for help they appealed ;
Hark ye ! What emotion was that in the crowd,
That caused that wild tumult, that shouting aloud ?
The hero in Blue through the crowd quickly ran,
The treacherous flag was pulled down by his hand,
And left the boys in Gray crest-fallen, some dead,
While he placed Old Glory high over their heads.



UNFOLDING OF A BETTER LIFE

Erstwhile the sunset hour is coming
And the sun passing from our sight ;
Alone in reverie sat he dreaming,
Dreaming by his own firelight.

Dreaming of the deeds of sages ;
Letting fancy stray awhile.

On his face depicted sorrow ;
There were tears but not a smile.

Ah ! those bitter day of sorrow,
That had wrung his heart with pain ;
In his life no song of gladness,
All his life had been in vain.

Though he had the God forgotten,
 Hope's bright star had passed from sight
And a youthful heart was broken
 And his soul seemed as dark as night.

God the parent, time, eternity
 Will wipe the tear drop from his face.
He heals all wounds, he has told us
 But the scars will not erase.

Shall we look the radiant morning,
 Can banish every dusky shroud ;
The sun will always shine the brighter
 At the clearing of the cloud.

Then his life became so happy,
 That it filled with songs of joy
And each dreadful by-gone sorrow,
 Fills the soul with much alloy.

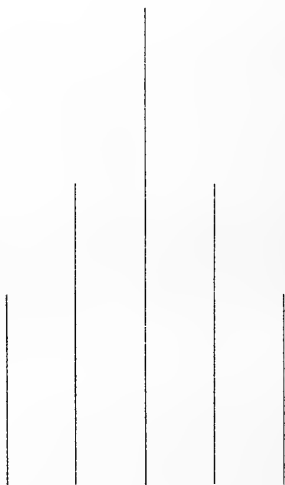
As he casts into the future
Of the year's that's just begun
Could he see the strife and sorrow
He would weaken 'ere he begun.

'Tis best that each year guard its secret,
And unfold them to you hour by hour.
Life is like a closed up rose bud ;
It shall grow to a full grown flower.

Though he meets with doubts and dangers,
Griefs and triumphs all the way ;
There are always joys and pleasures
That come to brighten up the way.

Then with thoughts that are repentant,
Have a loving, cheerful heart,
For your life is stamped on others ;
Some will choose the better part.

No longer comes the pangs of conscience
To him who lives his very best,
For when each day's work is over
He can calmly seek his rest.



ALONE

The flash that lit my pathway,
But so dim I ne'er did see
Misfortune's handy work. It
Came, it went though nothing done ;
Blackness left and it alone
Mark my futile, fruitless course.

SPRING

Why am I sad ; why do I moan,
For when you come you always bring,
Though hidden deep you waft us spring ;
O hear the voice of nature ring.

Not joy but life eternal springs
Up from the grave, thus while the sky
Is blackened by the clouds and I
So sad, and sullen be, weep on.

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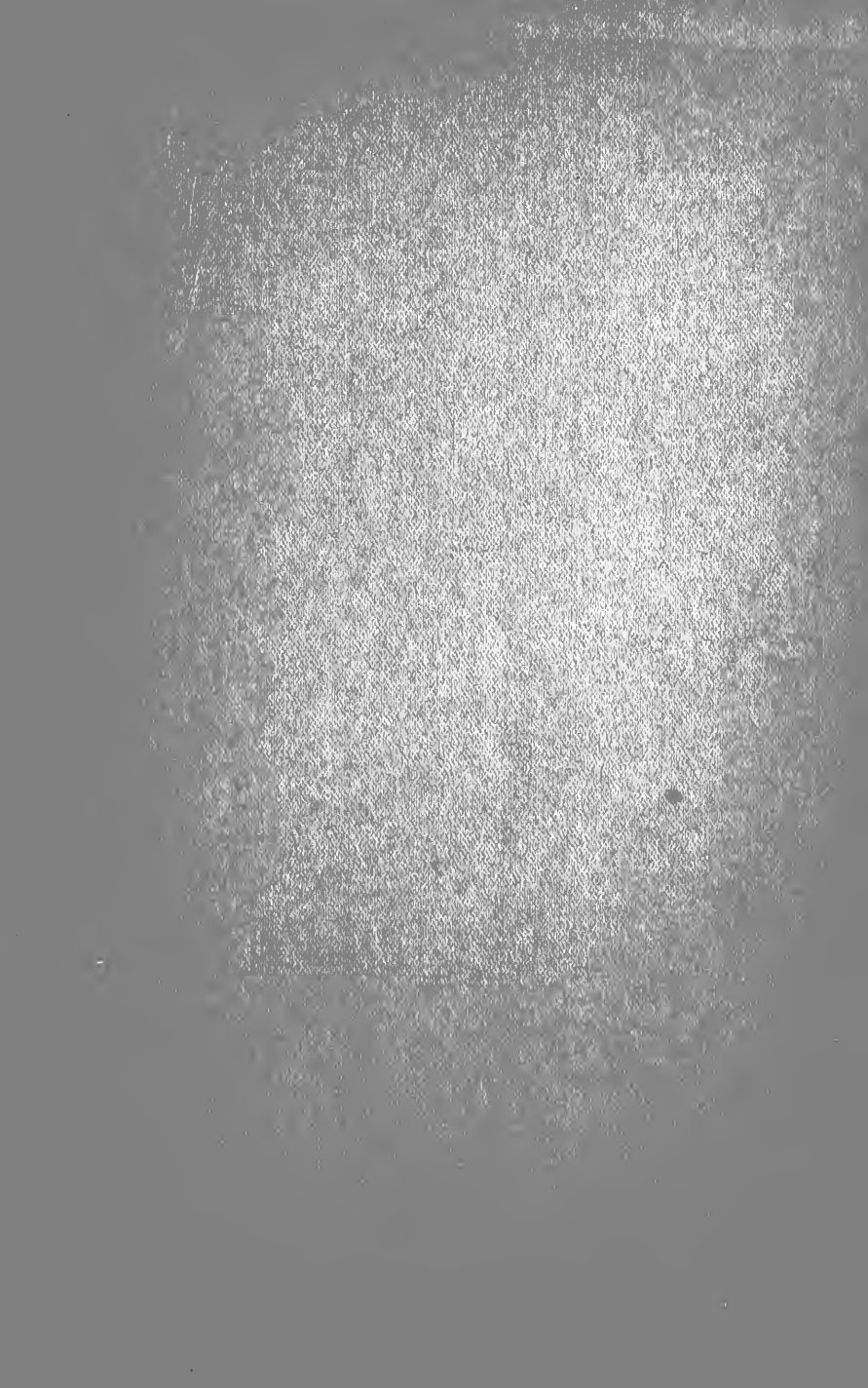
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